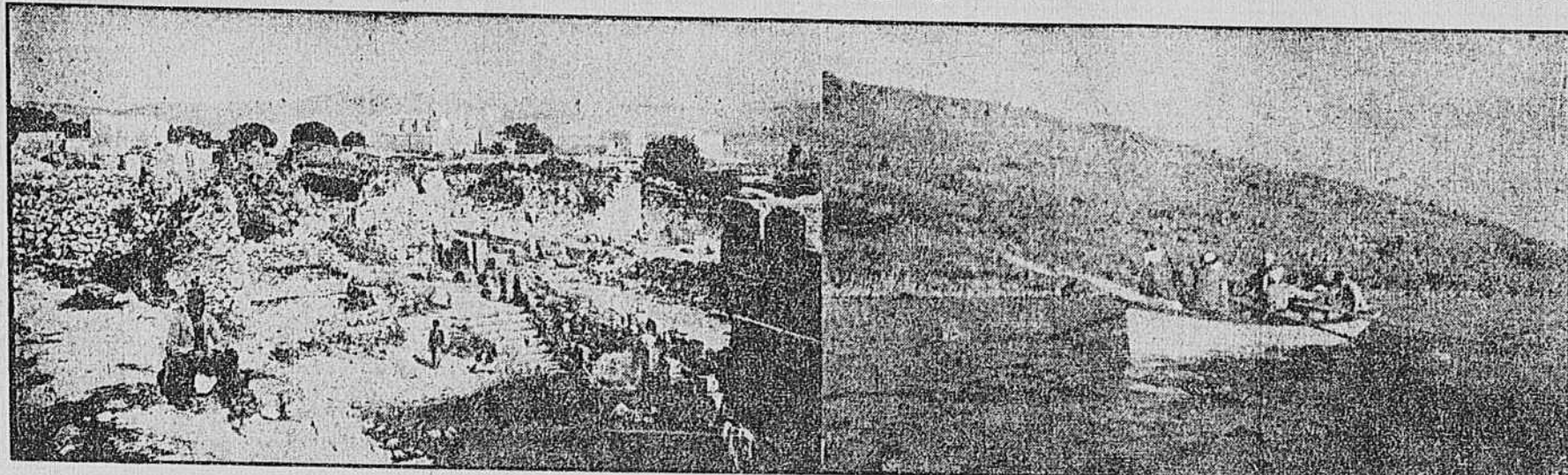


# Sea of Galilee--The Holy Lake About Which Christ and His Apostles Lived---Digging Out Synagogue Where Jesus Preached



The ruins of a synagogue in which Christ preached.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

**Tiberias, Palestine.**  
I am in a fisherman's skiff on the Sea of Galilee. We have just left Tiberias, the ancient city of Herod, near the southern end of the lake, and are on our way to Capernaum, where Christ lived and preached--that white spot which you can see on the shore at the north. It seems strange that one can carry the whole Sea of Galilee in his eye. I have always considered it as only a little less than an ocean, or, at least, as big as the largest of our great fresh water lakes. The fact is it is only a puddle compared to Lake Michigan. It is about half as large as Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, N. Y., and standing on any of the hills which rise precipitously about it, the whole body of water can plainly be seen.

**A Bird's-Eye View.**  
The Sea of Galilee is only six miles at its widest part from east to west, and from where the Jordan flows in at the north to the place where it empties out at the south the distance is a scant thirteen miles. The sea lies in a depression of the Jordan valley, the river forming a winding canal, 200 miles long, which connects it with the Dead Sea at the south. The descent to the Dead Sea is over 500 feet, and the waters which like a corkerew all the way down to that salt sea of death. Lake Superior is a little more than 500 feet above the level of the ocean. The Sea of Galilee is more than 650 feet below that level, and it lies in a nest in beautiful mountains which slope up from the water in picturesque shapes.

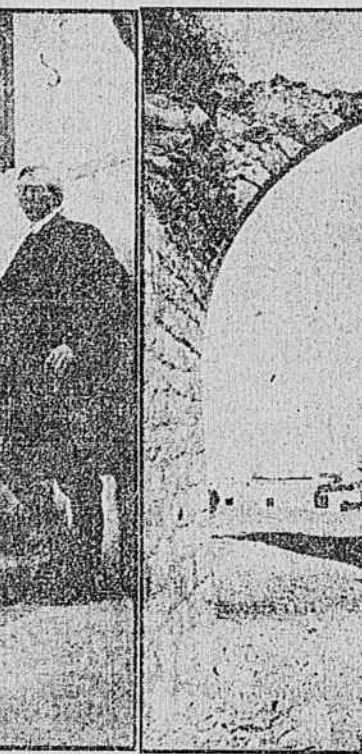
Over there at the west the shores are bright green and spotted with wild flowers. The grass makes a waving sheet of emerald velvet, and it seems to almost reach the dizzy white clouds of the blue sky above. Farther to the south are the Galilean Mountains, now gray in the morning sun, with masses of smoky clouds hanging over them. They are full of water, and, as I look, of the rain comes. The sun is still shining, and it has painted a rainbow over that part of the lake covering the town of Magdala, which, as you remember, was Mary Magdalene's home.

Looking through the rainbow you can catch sight of the Mount of the Beatitudes, upon which our Saviour sat when He preached the Sermon on the Mount, and on the sloping hill at the left is where, it is said, He



A wine jar of Cana, said to be the original that contained the water that was turned into wine. Mr. Carpenter at the right.

commanded the weary multitude to sit down on the grass and fed the 5,000. Now look at the east, to the lands on the opposite side of the lake and the Jordan. They rise precipitously from the water. The hills are so steep that it would be almost impossible to climb them, and they are rugged and rough. That is the land of the Gadarenes, where our Lord cast the devils into the swine, which ran violently down a steep place into the sea. All about us are the most familiar scenes of the Scriptures. Every bit



On Galilee. The shore here is where Jesus fed the Five Thousand.

of these shores has been hallowed; and as we look the figures of the Old and New Testament spring into life. It is impossible to read the Bible in the holy land and not feel that its people were real men and women. The apostles had the same feelings as ours; they lived in a world much the same; they breathed the same air; they enjoyed the same grass and flowers, and they loved and sorrowed as we do today.

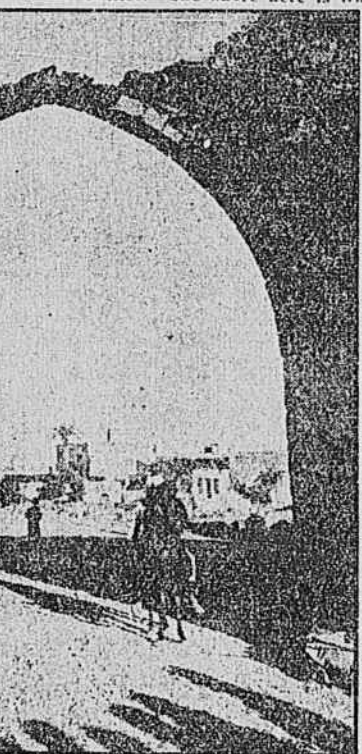
**The Beauties of Galilee.**  
I doubt not our Lord appreciated the beauties of Galilee. Its scenery is as picturesque as that of any lake which lies in the Alps, and it changes in beauty at every hour of the day. I saw the sun set last night. The clouds hung heavy over the hills to the east of the Jordan and the sun glided the top of the Mount of the Beatitudes as it went down in the west. A little before that these waters were a glorious yellow, which faded away into a rich copper bronze. At the same time the heavens were burnished copper, cloud piled upon cloud, and the whole was mirrored in the glassy surface beneath. The Sea of Galilee has always been noted for its wonderful beauty. It was a pleasure resort at the time of Herod Antipas, and the palaces of Tiberias and Capernaum were famous all over the East.

Let me give you still another view of the lake. It is moonlight. The great round queen of the heavens, her golden face as full, shines out of a mass of dark blue, with black clouds behind it. The rays of the moon strike the sea obliquely, and they paint a wide path of silver running from the hills of Gadara across the waters to Tiberias. I am looking at the scene from the window of my hotel, over the minarets of a Mohammedan mosque. It reminds me of Lake Como and of some of the Scottish lakes.

**Fishing in Galilee.**  
As we ride up the lake I watch closely the fishermen handling our craft. We are in a skiff, and thirty feet long and four feet in width. It has a white leg-of-mutton sail which is filled by the wind from the south, and we are speeding over the water. The sea is now quiet, and our boat leaves a pathway of diamonds painted there by the sun. I reach over the side of the boat and let my hand trail in the water. It is cool. I dip up some in my palm and drink it. It has a slight taste of salt.

Now the fishermen have laid their nets across the sides of the boat. They are depending on the wind to carry us onward. Some are asleep, and among them one at the prow, who lies with bare legs outspread, his bronze face in the full glare of the sun. He is snoring. At the right is a man mending a net, and on the other side of the boat two are chatting. The scene might have been one on this same lake 1,900 years ago, when Christ called men like these from their boats to be "fishers of men."

By and by the subject of fishing comes up, and I ask the men if there are still many fish in the lake, thinking of the great draught which Simon Peter and the other apostles drew up when they cast their nets at the command of our Lord at the time He appeared to them here after His crucifixion. They tell me that the sea is still alive with good fish, and that quantities are carried to Nazareth and other Galilean towns every week. Some are sent to Damascus by railroad and some are salted and shipped off to Jerusalem. About a year ago a party took five tons of fish in one day. The catch was so great that fish sold in Tiberias for 1 cent apiece, and six pounds or more could be bought for a penny. There are fishing villages all along the lake, and the fishermen are still to be seen dragging their nets or mending them as they float near the shore. I am told that there are three ways of fishing. One is by hooks and two by nets. One kind of net is cast. It is used from the shore or by the man wading breast deep into the water. The net is a great ring or disk of thread



The Roman Gate to Tiberias.

weighted with lead. It takes the shape of a dome as it sinks, falling upon the fish it incloses. After this the fisherman dives down and draws the leads together and carries net and fish to the banks. Much fishing of this kind is done near the village of Magdala. Another net is a dragnet, with floats at the top with leads at the bottom. This is usually worked from boats which carry the nets, so that they form a loop and scoop in the fish. Among the fish caught are excellent bass, some of which we have had at the hotel. An especially curious fish is that known as the chromis simonis, the male of which carries the eggs and young about in its mouth.

**The Lake in a Storm.**  
The storms come up quickly on Galilee. I have seen several since I arrived in Tiberias and have experienced one or two on the sea. The day I landed was hot. The sirocco was blowing when I left the Mediterranean, and at Nazareth the travelers' car had just come from Tiberias, and our first sight of the sea showed waves which were rolling to and fro, not unlike those of the ocean. The clouds hung low over the waters and great masses of black, rested on the hills down which the swine ran. The boats were tossing this way and that, and at times it seemed they might sink. It was during such a storm, in a similar boat, that the apostles came to our Lord, who was sleeping, and begged him to save them. He arose and rebuked the waters, and lo, it was calm.

At the time of another storm He was not with them, having gone up into a mountain apart to pray. The ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed by the waves, when the disciples saw Him walking on the water. They were troubled, and thought Him a spirit, and cried out for fear. It was at that time that Jesus said: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."

And you remember how Peter tried to go to Him, and how, when he saw the wind bolterous, his heart failed him and he began to sink. Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, saying: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" and when they were come into the ship the wind ceased.

**The Capernaum of To-Day.**  
Our wind also had dropped. The boatmen are lowering the sails and we are gliding to the shores of Capernaum. They are now covered with rich meadows, among which here and there are plowed fields and crops of fast growing grain. From the boat we can see no signs that a city once stood on the spot. The only evidence of life is a low, gray, one-story masonry building, belonging to the Franciscans, who are excavating the ruins and digging temples and synagogues out of the earth. They own several hundred acres, running east and west along the beach and extending for a mile or more up the hills. Some of their lands are under cultivation, and there are orchards of lemons, oranges and almonds to the east of their buildings.

We land at a wharf and enter a door in the walls which surround the excavations. I make myself acquainted with Father Wendelin, an austere-looking priest, who speaks German. He takes me around and shows me the results of his work. He says they are digging up which is believed to be the actual synagogue in which Jesus Christ taught, when he came here from Nazareth. As you must remember, Capernaum was His home, and it was here that he took the most of His disciples. He cured Simon's wife's mother, who lay sick of the fever, and here, saddened with the wickedness of the city, he said: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

The prophecy then uttered, has long since come to pass. The city of Capernaum is a ruin. And it is only now that the excavations of these monks is showing its ruins.

**A Church Where Christ Preached.**  
The synagogue which is being dug up shows the splendor of the ancient city. I walked around its boundaries. It was fifty-four feet long and seventy-two feet wide, facing the sea. Its interior was a mass of marble columns, and it was built on two stories, the upper of which was for the women. Many of the columns have been entirely dug out and the walls have been excavated to the height of my head. The columns are three feet thick, smooth-bored and exquisitely carved. The marble is that of the city which was common in Rome shortly before the time of Christ, and much of it is unfinished.

So far only a small portion of the ground on which the city stood has been explored. There are a thousand acres or so left that in all probability contain valuable ruins, which, when exposed, may cast new light upon the days and time of the Saviour. At present the work is managed by a close corporation. The Franciscan monks will not permit relics to be taken away, and they forbid the use of cameras. Father Wendelin carries a long black snake whip with him, and I am told that he uses it if he is not obeyed. The other day a woman tourist brought in a camera under her coat and took a snapshot, whereupon he said hold of her and threw her out of the place.

**The City of Herod.**  
I am stopping at Tiberias in a little German hotel, where I have a comfortable room at a cost of \$2 a day. Tiberias is the largest settlement on the sea. It lies on the western shore at the southern end, within a mile or so of the Horns of Hattin, where it is said Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It is only a short ride by boat from where the Jordan flows into the Dead Sea, and from Semak, where the railroad now goes north on its way from Haifa to Damascus.

The city was the capital of Galilee, and it was at the height of its prosperity when Christ was living at Capernaum. It was founded by Herod Antipas, the son of Herod, the baby killer, and was named after the Roman Emperor Tiberius. It was constructed while Christ was living in Nazareth, and it was a new and thriving city during His residence in Capernaum. It is doubtful that he ever visited it, for the Bible does not mention his doing so.

Tiberias had a palace and a racetrack in those days, and after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the chief seat of the Jewish nation. It is still one of the three holy cities of the Jews, and it has many Israelites among its citizens. They go about in long coats and caps bound with fur, and are proud of their Tamud. Many of the Jews are Spaniards who have come here to live on account of the holiness of the city.

**Tiberias in 1910.**  
The Tiberias of 1910 is not attractive. It is a mass of gray stone and

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brick buildings, with flat roofs painted white. The streets are narrow, dirty and filthy, and the Arabs have a saying that the king of the Jews lives here. The human population is something like 5,000, of whom about two-thirds are Jews and the remainder Mohammedans and Christians. The Jews have ten synagogues, and there is also a Mohammedan mosque. The northern limits of the place are marked by the ruins of the Roman town, and the remains of its walls and a gate are still standing.

There are hot springs on the shores of the lake, and the city, which is still used and which were famous in the times of the Romans. They are in many respects similar to those of Carlsbad, the waters containing sulphur, chloride of magnesium and iron. They are good for skin diseases, and if they were under American management might be made to pay well. One of the most interesting and valuable institutions in this city is the hospital, managed by Dr. Torrence, of Edinburgh, which treats of patients a year, and is doing great good.

**Cana of Galilee.**  
I came here from Nazareth, riding over the mountains of Galilee in a carriage. The road is fairly good, although it is up or down a hill all the way. About six miles from Nazareth I topped at the village of Cana, where our Lord visited the wedding feast of the stone jars or tubs which the Jews who own one of the churches there used at the original feast which were used at that time. They are kept inside the church, and it took several feet to get to them. They are great limestone receptacles, looking much like mortar, and it is likely that they have been used for the crushing of wheat by means of a pestle. I took a photograph of one, standing beside it, and resting my camera on a stool, my guide pressed the button.

I also visited the spring at Cana. There is only one, and it must have been from there that the water which was changed into wine was drawn. Four camels, six sheep and two cows were drinking at it as I stopped, and a half dozen girls with water bags were waiting for their family supply. It is probable that Cana was much larger and more prosperous in the days of our Saviour than now.

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**Reidsville Social News.**  
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
Reidsville, N. C., January 21.—Mrs. Eugene Irvin has returned from a visit to her home in Williamsburg, Va. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dibble, of Danville, Va., and George D. Boyd, of Charlotte, N. C., were visitors this week.

Mrs. Mollie Courts, of Atlantic City, arrived yesterday to spend some time with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Courts.

R. T. Amos, C. D. Smith and Dr. W. F. Clayton, of High Point, N. C., were visitors to the family of J. T. Amos, near town.

Will Bearman, a former Reidsville boy, is on a visit to his uncle, Sam Hilly.

J. Cohen Morrison, of Martinsville, Va., has been a visitor here this week.

**South Boston Social News.**  
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)  
South Boston, Va., January 21.—Mrs. W. T. Lea very pleasantly entertained at cards at her home on upper Main Tuesday afternoon, the event being in honor of Miss Mary Lipscomb, of Elba, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. James E. Lipscomb, Jr. Southern smiles, draping the curtains and intermingling here and there with rich crimson. Many hours of pleasure were spent around the tables. During the afternoon, an elegant salad course was served. Mrs. Lea's party was the highest score, and won a pretty pair of silk hose, and the guest of honor, Mrs. Lipscomb, was presented with a book of stories by O. Henry. The guests were Mrs. H. B. Gates, Mrs. S. C. Morton, Mr. J. M. McN. Stover, Mrs. John O. Watkins, Mrs. Owen Easley, Mrs. Tucker C. Watkins, Jr., Misses May Fowles, Florence Easley and Miss May Lipscomb.

E. T. Beasley, of Chase City, was a visitor in South Boston last Sunday.

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